

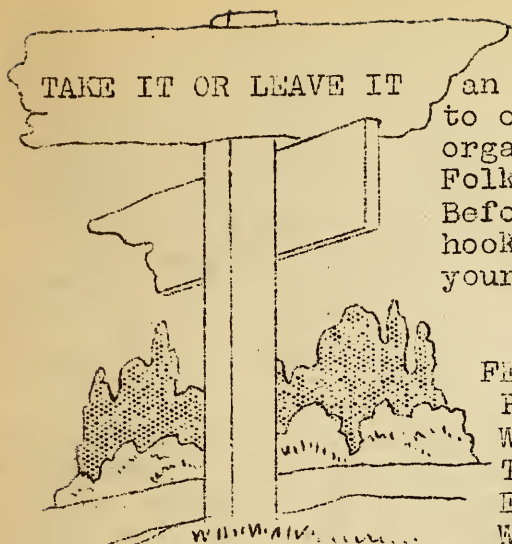
NORTHERN JUNKET



TRAVEL ISSUE

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 3

20¢



In Chicago, Oct. 28th an attempt will be made to organize a national organization or National Folk Dance Federation. Before swallowing this hook, line and sinker, ask yourself a few questions.

WHY A NATIONAL FOLK FEDERATION? WHAT USEFUL PURPOSE WILL IT SERVE? WHO WANTS IT? WHO HAS THE TIME, KNOWLEDGE, OR ENERGY TO HEAD IT? WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?

It would make a wonderful letter head tho, wouldn't it? "Joe Doakes, PRESIDENT NATIONAL FOLK DANCE FEDERATION," along with a string of initials after Joe's name, and of course a picture or at least an emblem signifying the unification of the whole country. In clashing colors no doubt, to attract attention.

Yes, it would look good on paper. And that's about what it would be--a paper organization.

Unless you can get the top leaders of the country into such a thing, it will fail. And no one can get them interested.

WHY THIS SUDDEN URGE TO ORGANIZE? ON A NATIONAL BASIS THAT IS.

For what it's worth, we hope the idea stays a dream and a vision for a long time to come.

Sincerely *Rach*

GALLIVANTIN'

CALLER

by

RALPH PAGE



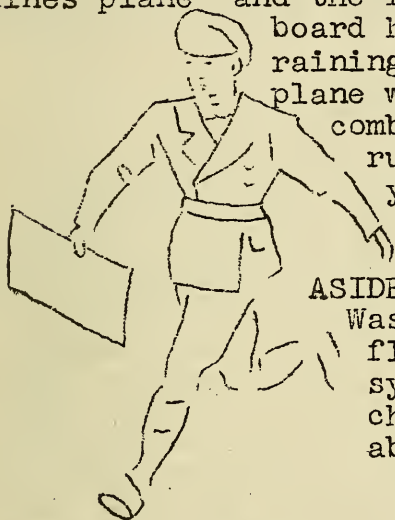
SUNDAY, JULY 16 was a rather cool and windy morning as New Hampshire weather goes and our friends Joe Blundon and Tony Seliskey commented freely on the choice of dates to take off for Atlanta, Georgia. The plane was a few minutes late arriving at the Keene airport, and it was a half hour late in leaving, due to the late arrival of several passengers all of whom had a lot of luggage to weigh up and only one rather nervous and inexperienced young man to do it and make out tickets and answer a hundred questions about the forthcoming flight.

THE FLIGHT from Keene to New York takes an hour and twenty minutes and we rather hoped to take a nap most of the way. We'd been up most of the night getting the current NORTHERN JUNKETS ready so that all Joe had to do was to staple them together and place them at the tender mercies of the U.S. Postal system. Joe was taking over for us on all of our calling and teaching jobs while we were away and some of the night was spent in briefing him on his duties.

IT WAS AN UNEVENTFUL ride to New York. The Northeast Airlines are comfortable planes and are flown by excellent pilots. Just out of Springfield, Mass. we ran into drizzling rain and flew

through gray clouds the rest of the way. This is monotonous flying and the best thing to do under those circumstances is to go to sleep. The roar of the motors is far better than counting sheep. We've been asked several times if the noise of the motors bothered us--not a bit; when you DON'T hear the roar you can begin to be bothered. Until then, relax. You're safer in the air than you are on the ground.

AT LA GUARDIA we shifted to an Eastern Airlines plane and the fact that we ran to get on board had little to do with it's raining. It was pouring. The new plane was ready to take-off. That combination of events means--run, brother, run. And hope your luggage catches up to you. Don't worry. It will.



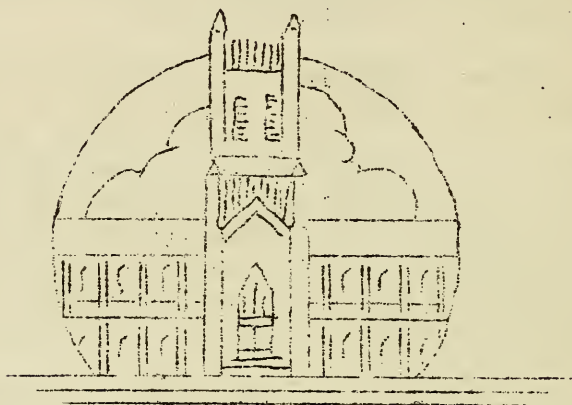
ASIDE FROM A FEW BUMPS between Washington and Richmond, the flight to Atlanta was as easy as sitting in a rocking chair and twice as comfortable.

THE AIRPORT in Atlanta is BIG, and they are making it Bigger. We were met there by Fred and Mary Collette and Florence Stickelmeyer and taken to supper immediately. We were joined by Mr & Mrs Carl Knox, Mr & Mrs Bill Monroe and several other couples of the "Promenade Club". Then out to Georgia Military Academy in College Park, but a few minutes from the airport and seven miles from Atlanta. The Academy was our 'home' for the next week.

LET US SAY RIGHT NOW that never have we been treated better than by the people in Atlan

ta. They have mastered the art of making one feel at home and at ease without being ostentatious about it. They were wonderful and GOD BLESS ALL OF THEM.

DIXIE FOLK AND SQUARE DANCE INSTITUTE



THIS WAS THE FIRST week long institute ever held in Atlanta. It was Fred and Mary Collette's idea and they couldn't have chosen a lovelier spot nor a more congenial city in which to hold their DIXIE FOLK AND SQUARE DANCE INSTITUTE. It was held at Georgia Military Academy and we stayed in the school dormitories and had the use of other buildings on the campus for our classes and evening parties.

ABOUT fifty boys were there attending the Academies' regular summer session, and it being a military academy they were awakened at 6:45 each morning. Everybody else within two miles of the school woke up too, for there were loud speakers on each floor of each dormitory and scattered around the campus in strategic spots. Needless to say, no one was ever late for breakfast.

TWENTY FIVE students attended the morning and afternoon sessions. We are all in favor of small classes like this. A great deal of individual attention can be paid to everyone. Almost all of the students were leaders of groups and also were callers. So as well as having an ideal number in the class, we also had a specialized group with which to work.

FRED AND MARY COLLETTE taught the round dances as well as the Appalachian circle figures. We were there to show the group New England type squares and contras.



FRED AND MARY COLLETTE are excellent teachers; two of the best in the business. They are meticulous over detail and know every dance they teach from A to Z, and inside out besides. When they have finished teaching any particular dance, believe us, you'll KNOW that dance. We agree wholeheartedly with this approach. If you're going to do a dance, do it right or not at all. Even if you say you're only doing it for fun, it's more fun to do a dance correctly than otherwise. The country is full of folk and square dance teachers who only half know their business,

and teach what they do know very badly. We need more Fred and Mary Collettes.

AT THE EVENING PARTIES we had a chance to meet and dance with several hundred of Atlanta's best square dancers. And we'd like to say right

here, that there are some mighty fine dancers in that city; some of the best in the country. The father of square dancing in this area is Bill Monroe, who has been pushing this form of recreation for the past thirteen years. He started the "Promenade Club" which has been of great influence throughout the state.

DESPITE THE HUMID HEAT we danced every afternoon. Usually a shower relieved the humidity. The callers class in the late afternoon brought out some fine talent.

THERE WERE DISCUSSION periods too; one of them unexpected and impromptu when Fred's P.A. system balked and a change had to be made. As is quite often the case, this was one of the best discussion periods of the institute.

NEW ENGLAND SQUARES AND CONTRAS went over very well with this group and also at the evening parties. They like a medium tempo dance with an opportunity to dance gracefully. They do NOT like fast rat race squares, saying that type of square dancing makes them feel as if they were a part of a herd of unruly cattle being driven into a corral.

THEY LIKE EASY ROUND DANCES. Some of the best liked seemed to be "Oxford Minuet," "Waltz Country Dance," "Susan's Gavotte". And naturally they like their "Appalachian Two Couple Squares" a little bit better than other squares or contras. Which is just the way it should be. Every section of our country has its favorite form of folk dancing and should resist to the bitter end any and all efforts to get them to do away with it and adopt what is popular elsewhere.

The school cafeteria served excellent meals though none could ever be confused with typical southern cooking.

The only thing we didn't like was the incessant blowing of bugles every five minutes beginning as we said before at the unholy hour of 6:45 and continuing til 8 a.m.

We liked the spirit of the institute and are positive that it will soon be an outstanding folk and square dance school. There will be one next year, maybe in the spring, and Atlanta should be a heavenly city then. Man, I'M HOME-- SICK FOR ATLANTA!



WITH REAL REGRET we boarded the 9:30 a.m. Delta-American Airlines plane. Not because we didn't want to go to California, but at the idea of leaving behind us the many new-found friends living in the deep south.

Birmingham, Alabama, was the first stop and after taking a couple of pictures from the plane we spent the time in reading the Sunday paper.

New Orleans was next on the agenda and all the way in we kept a sharp lookout for the Mississippi River. For a few minutes we mistook Lake

Pontrachain for it. About half of the passengers were going all the way to the west coast and at every stop we'd get out and walk around for a few minutes to stretch our legs.

Dallas, Texas, was the next stop. About fifteen minutes out of that city we hit some bumps that were worth remembering. YEOWWW!! A man in the aisle seat just across from us was sound asleep and woke up in loud prayer.

Eastern Texas seems quite thickly settled. Which was rather surprising, for we'd always believed just the opposite.

Dallas to El Paso was exactly opposite and we began to feel more at home by the great "wide open spaces" below us.

THE NEXT PERSON FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE who enters the airport at El Paso and sends a telegram home, is in for a rough time. We sent a wire to the wife at Camp Merriwoode, Stoddard, N.H. The red haired operator asked for a city within a hundred miles of Stoddard and when we gave her the names of eight or ten she was openly sceptical. "Stoddard, N.H.?" she inquired, "never heard of the place." It was her tone and manner that irked us and led us to the answer: "Well, don't feel too badly mam. People up there never have heard of El Paso, Texas, either." If looks could have killed, the local undertaker would have had a hurry-up job. Well it takes all kinds of people to make the world go round.

Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona. Both places as hot and dry as a breath from a blast furnace. A thermometer outside the airport building said 108 degrees. We believed it.

A brief stop in Oakland, then across the bay

to San Francisco. From Phoenix we flew over the Mohave Desert at a height of 14000 feet. A more fantastic bit of desolation we've never seen.

Getting off the plane at San Francisco we wondered if we were in the right city. Perhaps "Wrong Way Corrigan" had taken over the controls and flown us to Alaska. A light rain was falling, and it was COLD. Brother was it cold! This then, was "Sunny California." The expression was never meant to apply to the Bay area. We never enjoyed a hot radiator more than the one in our hotel room. We'd rather remember San Francisco as the place where we gained three hours sleep.

COLLEGE OF

FOLK DANCE

July 26

to

August 5 1950



THE PACIFIC

CAMP

STOCKTON

CALIFORNIA

NEXT MORNING was cold, foggy, and dreary. We grabbed a front seat on the bus that took us to the Santa Fe R.R. terminal in Oakland, basking in the heat from a 'Tropicaire.'

While eating breakfast a few miles out of Oakland we left the clouds and fog and we got our first view of the famous brown hills of California. They were fascinating and looked like huge beehives piled one behind the other.

Then through miles and miles of farmland. On each side of the track would be nothing but asparagus. Then only tomatoes. Then vineyards

as far as the eye could see. Irrigation ditches everywhere and you begin to realize that this is not God's country, but man's country for without irrigation this would be wasteland.

Mr and Mrs Lawton Harris were at the Stockton station to meet us. We were their guests the next two days, and then began two weeks of exciting activity.

Walking around the campus that first afternoon we met Paul Channell of Beverly, Mass. and a recent graduate of the University of Massachusetts. Paul was there to attend camp and he was of immense help to us in popularizing New England contra dances. Thanks Paul for all you did.

The Third Annual Folk Dance Camp was held at the College of the Pacific. The college has a lovely campus. Tree-lined walks, green lawns and beds of the brightest flowers you ever saw. Red and white oleanders were in bloom everywhere and scarlet pomegranates. Redwood trees too, were scattered around the campus and a great many plane trees. Gigantic dahlias a foot across in bloom and standing eight or ten feet high; geraniums were shrubs nearly that high and fuchsias growing clear to the eaves. This was what California had been represented to be like and it was wonderful. We'd never before seen a red flower. Not really. In the east the reds are a softer color. In California they are violent, almost smacking you in the eye they are so vivid. But you are interested in the dancing and not in the scenery.

The first session was known as the "short" session; lasting from Wednesday to Saturday noon. There were 125 people attending. To us it seemed like a big camp, but all day Saturday there were droves of newcomers registering for the



week long session. Most of the original campers stayed over and there were well over 300 who came for the last session. In all, there were 375 people for the main camp.

This number goes well beyond the realms of a folk dance camp and becomes a school. There were 20 teachers and six classes being taught simultaneously in as many different buildings scattered over the campus. There was a five minute break between classes and by running you could make your next class on time. Classes were an hour and five minutes duration and we suspect it was Lawton Harris' idea to give us the first morning class at 8:05. Thank heavens for those Atlanta bugles, for they sort of got us into condition for admiring the dew kissed dawns. Then

a break of an hour while we enjoyed a leisurely breakfast at the "End Zone" along with numerous other students. Then another class, and by that time the weather had warmed up sufficiently to discourage anything more active than standing in line for dinner. Afternoons were free until 3:30 when a general assembly was held in one of the larger buildings. At 4:30 we had workshop period which every leader or group set up themselves for more concentrated effort. Supper was at 6 and every night we had a lawn party for all 7-8:30. Following this party were more classes on alternate nights til 10:30. The other evenings were devoted to a big party in the gym for the whole school.

The lawn parties were colorful affairs, and drew hundreds of spectators, some of whom parked in favorite vantage points as much as an hour before the opening dance. Man, those costumes!!! We know hundreds of women who would have died of envy could they have seen them. They go all out for that sort of thing here. We were told that some of the people have as many as fifteen different costumes. To us it seemed like it was too much of a good thing.

Assembly was usually interesting. We got into one of them as front line speakers on the subject of "Authentic Dances versus Composed Dances". Everyone there had their own idea about which side won. We'll only say we emerged bloody but unbowed.

This is a very delicate subject to Californian folk dancers. So much so that they attempt to pass the stuff off as "recreation" dances. We would be the last to deny the right to compose dances, but there are limits, California, there are limits. We hope this is a passing fad with you but we are not sure yet.



Gotta make up a new
dance for the old
granddad's festival
lets see how - step
point, cross, step and
twirl -

For a folk dance camp WE THOUGHT YOU SPENT FAR TOO MUCH TIME IN LEARNING ARTIFICIAL "DANCES OF THE WEEK." Other people have described them as being 'bad violations of dance technique.'

THE EASE IN WHICH YOU CHANGE DANCES beyond the possibility of recognition is what concerns us most. We thought we knew how to dance "Korobushka" and got out on the grass when it was announced. Thirty two measures of music later we were running for cover. If we could have found a tree with branches to the ground we'd have gone up that too. Look people. The dance is supposed to represent a pedlar with a pack on his back, so what happens? You did twists, claps and kicks, and we even saw a prysiadka step. Any resemblance between your dance and a pedlar with a pack on his back is sheer coincidence. Twice we saw the "Tropanka" taught incorrectly. A good reviewing of "Totur" would help too. We'll admit to being wrong about "At the Inn." You showed us Paul Dunsing's book to prove it.

The bad things stick out like a sore thumb and when you are bad, you outdo the girl with the curl.

Remember, California, you asked us to write of the bad things we saw. Now won't you let us tell of the good things found out there?

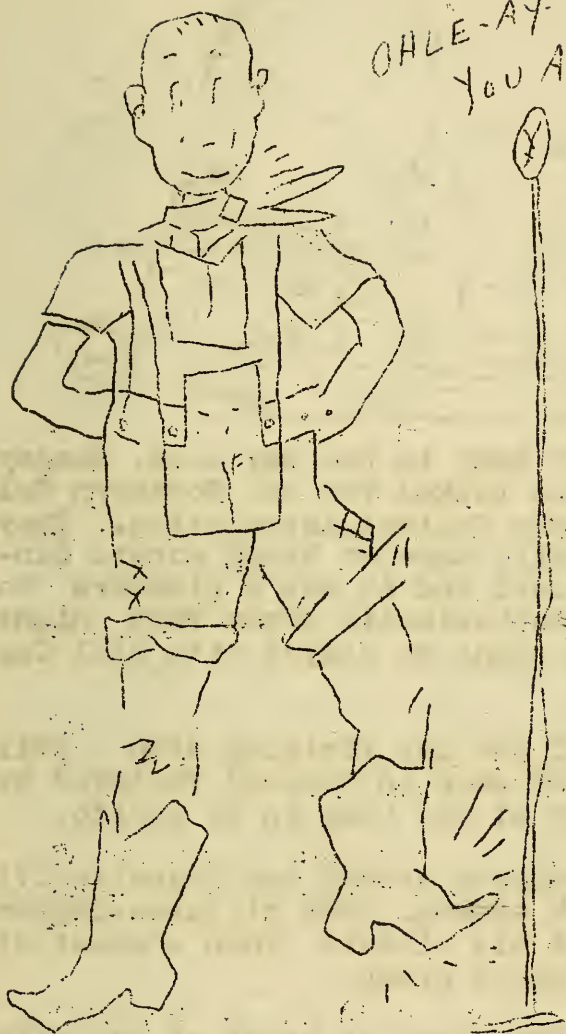
They far outnumber the bad. You had some excellent teachers. Please keep them. They are worth their weight in gold to you. We regretted that we could not attend all of the classes that we wanted to. We did manage to dance under Herb Greggerson several times. We danced twice with Lucile Czarnowski's class in Early Californian Dances, and watched two of Vyts Beliajus' classes. Other than that we were too busy with our own groups in New England contras and workshops for the people who wanted to learn something about calling contras. This is just an idle thought: but we do wish it was possible for the teachers to have a camp of their own and learn some of the delightful dances we always have to miss.

WE LOVED THE ENTHUSIASM of your dancers. You can't laugh off the enthusiasm of 50000 Federation members; you can try to steer their enthusiasm. Talking with many officers and mere members we believe that you are trying to do it. Don't get discouraged-keep at it.

The most amazing thing of all is your love of dressing up in costume. Some of them have to be seen to be believed. Surely the east could learn much from you along those lines. We doubt if any other group of people would take the time and go to the expense of costuming to the extent that you do. Most of them seemed hand made and must have taken hours of painstaking work. This sort of thing is not undertaken by faddists. It is a true labor of love.

We liked the lawn parties every night. Some better than others naturally. We thought the best one was the western night party. Especially the

OHLE-AY-EE-O
YOU ALL!



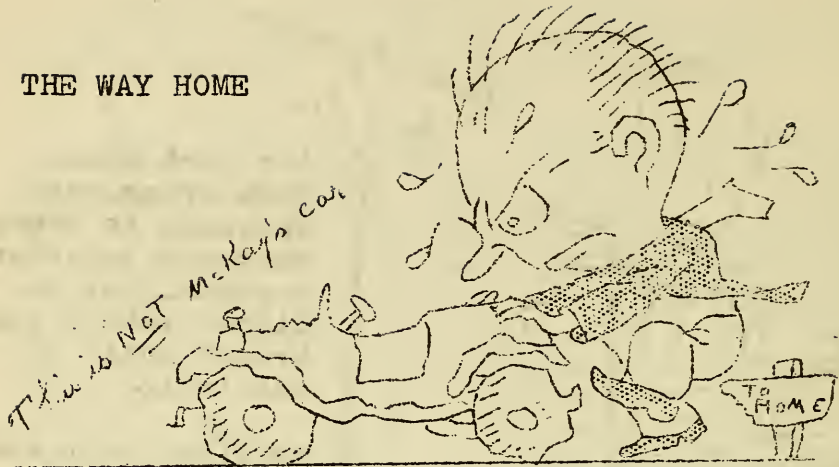
the part where Herb Greggerson appeared in George Murton's Bavarian costume. Bet he didn't take a long breath while he was in it!

We liked your weather, even if we did do a lot of kidding about it. Next winter we'll like it even more. All except the variety we ran into around the Bay area. That you can keep in Sunny California.

We liked the parties in the "End Zone" at night. We liked better the parties sponsored by the Minnesota group. God bless Minnesota! They are nice people out that way.

YOU SHOULD HAVE A LONGER SCHOOL. Two weeks at least. Ten days is too short a time to absorb even half of what was taught.

THE WAY HOME



THREE DAYS OF REST in the Bay area. Sunday night we called and talked for the Northern California Square Dance Callers Association. They are the ones who will make or break contra dances on the west coast and it was a pleasure to work for such an enthusiastic group. That night and the following night we stayed with Bill Castner in Berkeley.

Spent most of one day visiting with Phil Maron in his record shop in Oakland followed by a wonderful dinner at his home in El Cerrito.

Tuesday we shopped around San Francisco. Visited several book stores. Took pictures. Supper with Jack McKay at his sisters. Then a guest of Jack's Square Cutter's group.

We left San Francisco at break of day with Jack McKay and Peg Allmond who were driving to Colorado Springs to attend Lloyd Shaw's Square Dance School.

We planned on reaching Reno, Nevada, the first day and did so. The mountains of northern California were nice country. We'll always remem



ber a spot along the Yuba River between Applegate and Truckee. It wouldn't take much to get us to make our home there permanently.

RENO WAS THE WIDE OPEN CITY we'd always heard it was--wider open if anything. Hard money everywhere; very few dollar bills, except those brought in by tourists. Gambling is legalized in Nevada and there were slot machines everywhere. You couldn't turn around without one of those one-armed bandits staring you in the face. Wonder if they have them in the banks or churches? They were in every other place.

The ride across Nevada to Salt Lake City we made in one long day. Brown used to be one of our favorite colors, but it will be at least six months to once more think of it favorably. Mountains of brown sand and sage brush; interminable miles of both. Heat like a breath from a blast furnace.

IN CONTRAST, Salt Lake City and northern

Utah was delightful.

Somewhere in Wyoming we took a wrong turn and drove thirty miles through range country. It was wonderful and we'd never seen it otherwise.

Southern Wyoming was not especially interesting though infinitely better than Nevada. The whole countryside seems to tilt to the southeast and we were at an altitude that averages seven or eight thousand feet above sea level.

DENVER IS A BEAUTIFUL CITY. And so is Colorado Springs. The latter was the nicest place we saw in the west. Pike's Peak is so close it seems as though you could reach out a hand and touch it. Western Colorado is gorgeous country.

WE SPENT A PLEASANT DAY THERE visiting Mr Lloyd Shaw, and with nearly a hundred students registered at his school went to his cabin some thirty miles out of town. We enjoyed listening to his philosophy of the dance.

There we met many of the folks we had met at Stockton; Mr & Mrs Bob Osgood, Wilf Marwedel, Olga Kublitsky, Frank Kaltman, and several from the east; Ero Davidson, Mr & Mrs Al Brundage, Charlie Baldwin, and most surprising of all Mr & Mrs Rickey Holden of San Antonio, Texas. It was like a New Hampshire Old Home Day.

THE TRIP EAST from Denver was made in fast time--by plane. Only three stops--Kansas City, St Louis, New York.

AT LA GUARDIA WE WERE MET--and how! by a party of folk dancers--Michael and Mary Ann Herman, Anne Pittman, Marlys Swenson and others. Their "folk instruments" and red plush carpet created a sensation even at blasé La Guardia.

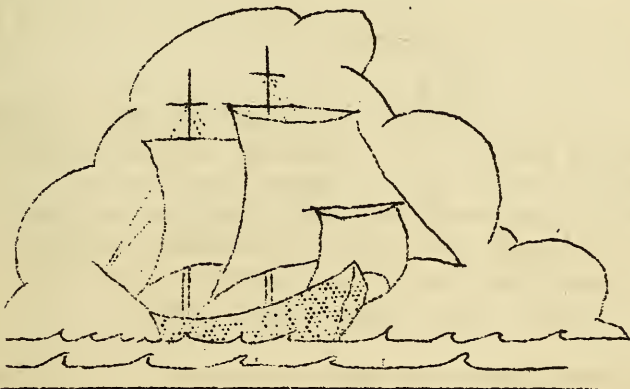
AND SO HOME to Keene the next afternoon via Northeast Airlines. Never did the green hills of New Hampshire look any better.

It was a wonderful experience and one we wouldn't have missed for the world. The friends one makes on such trips make the whole enterprise worthwhile; we could devote reams of paper telling about them.

For years we've wanted to meet Herb Gregerson and his charming wife Pauline; and Vyts Beliajus. These folks are practically legendary here in the east and it was a great pleasure to be on the same staff with them. Nice people.

There are SOME NICE YOUNG CALLERS in California-Jack McKay, Bill Castner, and Jack Sankoy, are on their way to the top. Remember the names.

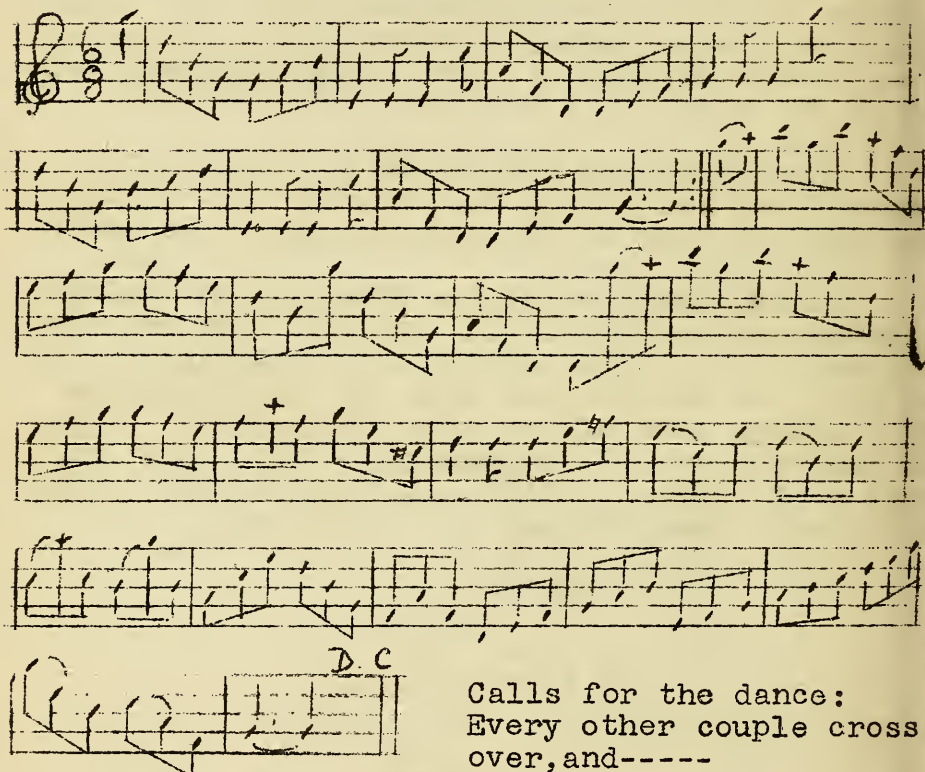
Carlos Rosas of Mexico City and the University of Mexico, seemed to us the most dynamic personality in camp. Carlos had no English and we had less Spanish, but from the first meeting we were the best of friends. There were tears in our eyes as we said goodbye. But only til next year Carlos. We'll see you at the 1951 Folk Dance Camp. "Va' con dios, amigo mio."



SQUARE DANCE CLASSIC

GREEN MOUNTAIN VOLUNTEERS---A CONTRA

The Music



Calls for the dance:
Every other couple cross
over, and-----

The gents chassez and the ladies swing
Ladies chassez and the gentlemen swing
Active couples down the center and back
Cast off and right and left four.

Translated into useable English all this means

The line in which the men were originally standing is known as the 'gents line' and the line in which the ladies were originally standing is known as the 'ladies line'.

The ladies who have crossed over, step down in front of the inactive man next below her in that line, join hands with him and the whole line does a chassez step down the hall and return to place. Meanwhile the men who have crossed over balance and swing the lady below them in that respective line. The balance is a short step forward and back. It is NOT a stomp balance.

The two lines then reverse the figure with the 'gents line' swinging (the one they did the chassez with) and the 'ladies line' chasseeing with the one they have just swung.

The rest of the dance should offer no difficulty to a contra dancer of ordinary ability.

A few times we've heard it called this way, "Right hand line chassez, left hand line swing". This puts quite a strain on the caller. And on the dancers also because they always seem to be a few beats behind the music, which is bad contra dancing.

Most any 6/8 tune will do for the dance. Every old time fiddler had his own ideas about it and we can't remember that there was any tune in particular used for the dance. "Come Haste to the Wedding" was used more than any other but I have always been partial to the one given: "Maggie Brown's Favorite."

We have heard the dance called "The Green Mountain Jig." Call it by either name you wish. It will be a good dance no matter the name.

SQUARE DANCE

JUST BECAUSE

as called by Duke Miller of Gloversville, N.Y

Introduction

bow

Just everybody to your partner
 And now to your corner as well
 You allemande left and you grand right
 and left
 Half way around to your pal
 You re-verse her when you meet your partner
 Then right and left back the other way
 And when you are home
 You will all swing your own
 Because, Just Because.

Figure

The head two girls chain over
 And chain those ladies home once more
 The side two janes will ladies chain
 Chain them across the floor
 You do si do with your corner
 And swing your lady just once around
 Then take the corner maid
 And all promenade and
 You sing Because, Just Because.

Break(following each figure)

You do si do with your corner
 Come back and do si do your own
 Allemande left with the one on your left
 And allemande right with your own
 Allemande left-grand right and left
 Half way around to your maid
 Then you take that maid
 And all promenade-sing
 Because,Just Because.

Conclusion

The last time through each should have own partner,so for last three lines substitute:

Now you have your own
 You promenade her home
 And thank her,that is all.

We think this is one of the best of the so called 'modern numbers'. It is a catchy polka tune and the dancers love to help out the caller on the last line.

Many callers in the country are associated with a certain tune and dance. Whether they are the originators of that figure or tune is beside the point. The fact remains that they are connected with it. So it is with Duke Miller. After this past summer he will always be thought of in connection with this dance and tune 'Just Because'. It will make him famous. And he will come to hate it, which is one of the prices of fame. He was not the first to call it and he would be the first to tell you so. But he does a beautiful job of calling it, as you will agree once you've danced with him.



FOLK LORE

As told by BILL TYLER

Even' folks. Come in and set down. Rest up a bit before you go home. Just talkin' with my friend John Parke here, from down Putney way.

Say! 'd I ever tell yer 'bout old Myron Pierce? Lived up on the Dewey place. Myron was part Indian and a funny old stick too, though it warn't because of his Indian blood. There never was anyone put anything over on him, though. Farm got kinder run down long before he passed away, and I guess he got kinder forgetful. But he lived long enough to outwit Fred Brigham an' put him to shame, an' Fred won't fergit it in a hurry. Don't seem's so anyway.

Myron used to boocher for folks in the fall. Do it right on his own place, yer know. Folks'd drive their cattle over, or bring some hogs in a wagon. Myron'd kill 'em an' dress 'em up nice, an' when it come time to pay off he'd alus get the entrels fer his portion. Feed it to the hens an' mebbe save part fer sausage skins.

Well, Fred he brought up a fine fat hog one

day on a sled. Last of November I guess it was, anyways, they was consid'erable snow on th'ground. Unloaded the hog an' got him penned up, an' then Fred went an' fetched a great big old tin wash tub off'n the sled and set it down by the open barn door.

"Now Myron," sez he, partic'lar like. "I want you should put all the entrels, when you come to 'em right in that there tub. You can cover them over with this old canvas."

"Yuh?" says Myron, kinda surprised like. "All right. Jus's you say, Fred."

They dickered round some after that. Don't know just what kind of a bargain they did make. Neither of 'em ever said. But Fred, he took off for town to do some shoppin' for groceries. Said he'd be back around dark.

Now it so happened that Myron had three other hogs to boocher off that same day for other folks. An' what he did, he took an' put the entrels from all four hogs in that one big tub. Left it right there by the barn door, where Fred left it, an' covered it over real nice with the canvas 't Fred left.

Well, 'long 'bout dark Fred drove up on the sled. Kind of in a hurry to get home I guess. Wanted to do his chores and all before dark. So he loaded up the sides of pork, an' then he looked round a minute for that old tub.

"There's what you asked for, Fred," says Myron, quiet like, an' he turned in to the woodshed to go in to supper.

Fred, he took a holt of that tub like he was goin' to toss it up onto the sled like you

would a four foot stick of wood. But he didn't lift it quite's quick as he thought for. Had to straighten up an' lean down an' try again, give an orful grunt an' turned towards the sled.

"Judas priest!" says he. "ALL guts warn't he?"

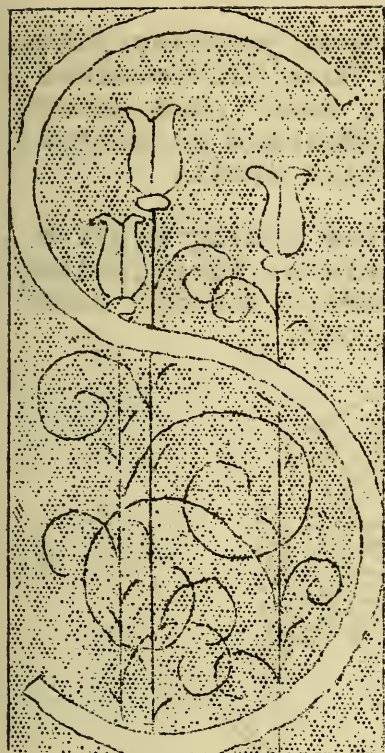
Myron--he come near chokin' ter keep quiet 'fore he got the kitchen door closed behind him. His wife wanted to know what ailed him, he looked so purple in the face. Thought he was goin' to have a stroke.

"Never felt better in fifty years," he says "What's for supper Hattie?"

Told folks just afore he passed away that he could go easier knowin' he'd got the better of Fred Brigham an' Fred hadn't caught up with him yet. Them two'd been at it back an' forrard fer years yer know.

Harrumph! Well, didn't expect you city folk to get the p'int right off. Yer will 'bout six months from now. Let's go down and look at my cellar. H'ain't never seen have yer?





Folks used to set quite a store on the language of the flowers. Especially young ladies. Woe betide the gallant swain presenting his lady love with a bouquet of columbine or promroses. Looking over an old scrap book the other day, we came across this bit of information.

Camellia(white), loveliness; Candytuft, indifference; Carnation(white) disdain; China aster, variety; Clover(4 leaved) be mine; White clover,

AY IT

WITH FLOWERS

think of me; red clover, industry; Col umbine, folly; White Daisy, innocence;

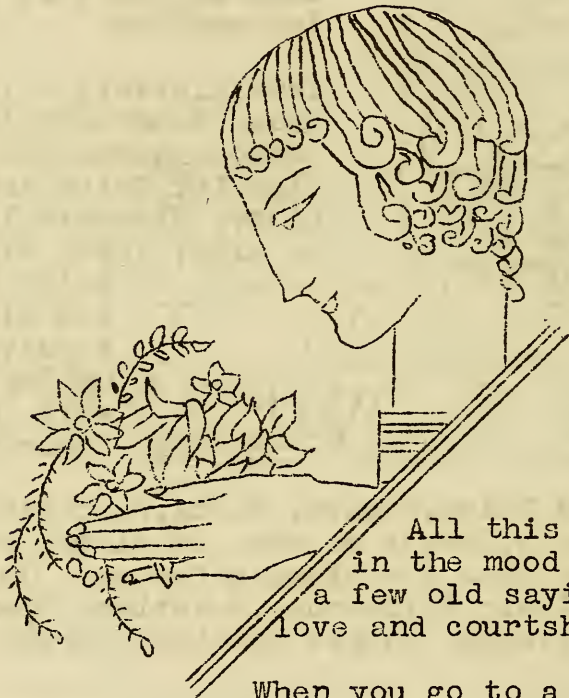
Colored Daisy, beauty; Ferns, fascination; Forget-me-nots, forget me not; Scarlet Geranium, consolation; Rose geranium, preference; Golden-rod, be cautious; Heliotrope, devotion; Hyacinth-(white) loveliness; Purple Hyacinth, sorrow; Ivy, friendship.

Day lily, coquetry; White lily, sweetness; Yellow lily, gaiety; Water lily, purity of heart; Lily of the Valley, unconscious sweetness; Mignonette, your quality surpasses your charm; Monkshood danger is near; Myrtle, love; Pansy, thoughts.

Primrose, inconsistency; Rose, love; Damask

rose, beauty ever new; Yellow Rose, jealousy; White Rose, I am worthy of you; Moss Rose buds, confession of love; Smilax, constancy; Sweet peas, depart Thistle, sternness; Tuberose, dangerous pleasures; Verbena, pray for me; Witch hazel, a spell.

Cannot remember hearing nor seeing mentioned anywhere such common flowers as poppy, phlox, allyssum, larkspur, or wild asters. Perhaps some of you old timers can help us out.



All this puts us
in the mood to recall
a few old sayings about
love and courtship.

When you go to a wedding be sure to take a piece of wedding cake home with you. Sleep with it under your pillow, and the person you dream of will be the one you will marry.

A ring was often put into a wedding cake. The person finding the ring in his or her piece of cake was sure to marry within the year.

If three of the same name sit at a table together, one of them will marry within a year.

As long as you keep a piece of wedding cake in the house, you will have good luck.

On Hallowe'en hang up a cabbage stump over the door. The first person of the opposite sex that comes in is the one you'll marry.

On the first night that you sleep in a new bed, name each of its four posts. If you dream about one of the four persons named, that person will be the one you are to marry.

If you sit on a table, it is a sign you will not be married during the year. Others say that this is a sign that you want to get married.

If from three lamps set in a row some one unthinkingly takes one, it is a sign that person will marry within a year.

If you have a nosebleed it is a sign that you are lovesick.

If you are married in a snowstorm it is a sure sign that you will become rich.

If you tip over a chair backwards you will not marry that year.

If you are a young lady and are too fond of cats you will be an old maid.

Roll up your stockings when you go to bed, name them, put them under your pillow and get in to bed over the footboard, backwards, and the one of the two girls the stockings are named after that you dream about will be your wife.



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S FIRST

FOLK DANCE CAMP

From eight states came 61 and 72 people to the first and second sessions respectively of New Hampshire's First Folk Dance Camp at Camp Merriewoode, Stoddard, N.H.

About a third of the first session's campers were veterans of other folk dance camps, and they were a big help at organizing dinner, supper and party committees.

We were blessed with wonderful September weather until Sunday afternoon when it began to drizzle rain. It developed into quite a rain and blow during the next 24 hours and Monday we got hurricane warnings over the camp radio.

For a half hour Camp Merriewoode really buzzed with activity. Twenty of the men carried boats and canoes to points of safety, and closed and secured all cabin windows; saw to it there

was plenty of dry kindling for the kitchen and social hall fireplace. Then we forgot about the storm and had the time of our lives folk and square dancing. Just as the party ended, almost as though by prearranged signal all the lights went out. So by the light of the fireplace and a few flashlights we stayed right there telling ghost and murder stories.

We envied a little the people who were at their first folk dance camp. It is always interesting to see their reactions concerning committees. The newcomers here must have been briefed before getting here in addition to reading the brochure given them upon registering. Otherwise they would not have signed up for the dinners and parties with such alacrity. For there are no servants at a folk dance camp.

Sunday night was the most elaborate supper of all. Smorgasbord as only Esther Sumpter of Portland, Maine can prepare it. "Mama Swenson" outdid herself this time and the huge table darned near collapsed with the weight of dozens of different kinds of foods. It's a wonder that we were able to take part in the Scandinavian party which followed.

From the first we were made to feel at home and in no time at all we felt like oldtimers. It might have been the first folk dance camp that Ralph, Michael and Mary Ann ever tried by themselves without the counsel of Jane Farwell, but they certainly have learned their lessons well and we are sure that Jane would have been proud of them.

Abc Kanogson was worth his weight in gold around camp. He had us singing folk songs from the very first night and we continued to sing and learn new songs throughout the session.

Courtesy of the
 Swedish field of
 Bangor
 Maine



Mary Ann and Ralph led some wonderful discussion periods in which everybody had a chance to talk. Too often do these so-called "discussions" degenerate into an opportunity for the leaders to prate of their own prowess. Not here though, and if this was a fair sample of a folk dance camp discussion period--and we believe it was--then other schools and camps might well follow the example set here.

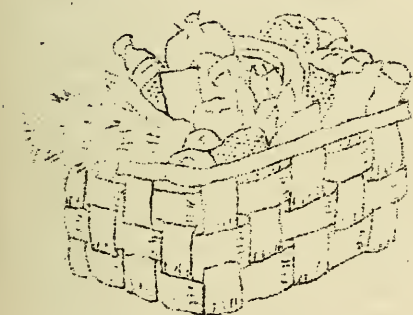
After Saturday night's Kitchen Junket party Michael showed us several reels of folk dance camp movies as well as movies of the Festival of Nations at Rockefeller Center and another one of Swedish, Polish and Ukrainian dances.

The dances that we learned at the morning and afternoon classes were all useable dances.

Our groups will have a lot of fun with them the next season. Each dance was presented in expert fashion and time was allowed before end of camp for the taking of step notes for those who wished to do so.

The days of story telling and the recounting of tall tales is not over. "Chuck" Bemis proved this several times. Ever hear him tell about hoop snakes? Or relate the early settler's story about being chased by seventeen wolves?

Probably the nicest thing about folk dance camps is the friendships one makes with other like minded people. We will cherish forever the new friends made here. It was the nicest vacation we've ever had.



INTERLUDE BETWEEN

CAMPS

Now, perhaps, came the nicest two days of the camp. We were told that it was the first time there had ever been a two day break between the camp sessions.

This was brought about by necessity. The vacation period was over for most people and it was thought advisable to have two week-end camp sessions. It worked.

Twenty five of us, including the staff. We had the time of our lives. And gained valuable

insight on what makes a folk dance camp tick.

We danced that first night too--and how!!--For an hour we danced the best we knew how and that was plenty good believe me. Then followed a period of what Abe called "fascinating parlor games." Yike!!!

Wednesday we just loafed around doing anything we wanted to. Some of the girls picked blackberries and elderberries which Lillian used in a pudding. We got our own breakfast, giving Lillian a chance to sleep late. At night we gorged ourselves on fried chicken New England style sweet corn fresh picked from the garden of the Page homestead, and ice cream. Man, what a meal! We just couldn't have danced after that.


Mr and Mrs Ed Wojnick of Cleveland visited us during this in between camp period and it was nice to have them with us, even for short time.

Thursday morning it rained cats, dogs and large cannon balls. Just the same Ralph, Dick Castner, Bill Toleman, and Josephine Sommese were out in the woods cutting balsam boughs and picking ferns, flowers and fall foliage to decorate the dining room. Jim Chan, Mary Ann, Olga Meyer, and Gloria Kelley did yeoman work with the big armsful of material brought in from the woods.

Suddenly we were ready for the second camp.



SECOND SESSION



Tonight's nationality was Greek. The first time, we were told, that any folk dance camp had had such a meal. It shouldn't be the last. The recipes and menu were given to Ralph and Lillian by Mrs Houppis, Keene, N.Y. Thus we were assured that it was the real McCoy and not something to fill up space in a cookbook.

There was also another first at this session. Our grocer visited us for the evening party and stayed for late snack and coffee. No other grocer to our knowledge has ever deemed it important enough to visit a folk dance camp or have anything to do with such goings on except to hold out a hand for money.

Oh yes. We mustn't forget to mention that Michael, Jim Chan and Ralph made a dashing Exzone supper committee.

To get to the camp we had to ride the last mile up and across the lake by boat. An interesting experience for some, especially with a new boatman at the helm. The Ashmans and McCarthys and several others were in the boat that came up with a flat battery and were pushed and towed to the landing by a small outboard motor. The whole camp was on shore to greet them and naturally there were many uncomplimentary remarks exchanged between early and late comers.

However it was all in fun and by means a

a onesided conversation.

The theme of the camp was French Canadian and we read on a big yellow and black sign "Alouette Lumber Co. Camp # 1."

The dining room was trimmed with balsam and spruce boughs giving the place the most delightful north woods aroma. Ferns, fall flowers and bright colored leaves added to the effect. A homy touch was the blazing wood fire in the fire place. It kept us warm, too.

Special evening parties were "Slav, Irish & United Nations." The hit of the first named was a demonstration of the 'Hopak' and other Slavic dances by Michael and Mary Ann's Workshop folk who were there for both sessions; and a Ukrainian 'Follow the Leader' led for the men by Abe Kanegson, and for the ladies by Mary Ann.

At the Irish party we witnessed and took part in the landing of the 'USS SHAMROCK' at the Merriewood dock loaded with Irish immigrants. McCarthy, Blundon, and Campbell were right at home in this part of the program.

Will Ayer and Elliott Wellington of Fitchburg, Mass. were visitors this night and Will was more than willing to play some Irish and Scotch dance music on his fiddle. And you should have seen the fancy dance steps that Elliott was doing in the last square dance of the evening.

We did the 'Beseda' six times one afternoon but please don't get the impression that we did only difficult dances. The rest were easy and useable dances that we could take home to our groups. Or enjoy doing if we were not leaders.

We thought the nationality meals at this

session exceptionally good. We liked too, the explanations by committee members concerning the meals, or evening snacks.

An auction livened up the last evening and Ralph sold many 'souvenirs' of the camp. Right after supper of this last night, Michael again showed his folk dance camp movies.

We liked this camp very much and hope it becomes an annual event in New Hampshire. There is need for more folk dance camps all over the country and Michael and Mary Ann Herman, Ralph Page, Abbe Kanogson, and Jane Farwell would be doing the world a great service if they devoted their whole time to such an endeavor.

Ralph wanted us to be sure and mention our three cooks. Lillian Abbott, Upton, Maine; Ethelyn Tompkins, Munsonville, N.H.; and Alice Smith, Stoddard, N.H. made the camp a success. Without good food no place can exist long. We were fortunate in having these three excellent cooks with us.

A few years from now we will be proud to say that we were there at New Hampshire's First Folk Dance Camp. Our names will be on the roster to prove it.

FOR SALE

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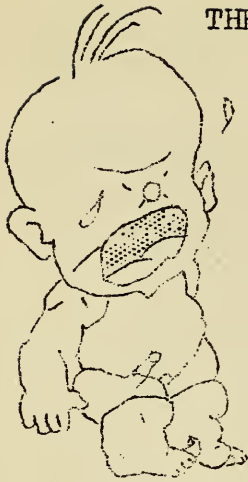
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THE TOWN

CRIER



Married: June 18 in the Chapel of the New Old South Church, Copley Sq. Boston, Mass. Grace Hardy and Erland Larson. ****

Married: Aug. 20 at the St John's Methodist Church in Dodham, Mass. Jean Staples and Arthur Tufts. *****

Born: Aug. 9 to Mr & Mrs George Guthrie a son Gordon David. ****

Born: Aug. 27 to Mr & Mrs Alan Draper a son.

Friends of George Wellington, Boston, Mass. will be glad to learn that he is studying this year at Bard College, Annandale-on Hudson, N.Y. George is there on a music scholarship won in composition. He writes that they do square dancing at the college whenever the spirit moves them to do so at odd hours of the day or night. *****

Herb Warren, Fairlee, Vt. asks us to list the Governor's Conference on Community Recreation, Monday, Oct. 23, in Montpelier, Vt. City Hall. Ed Durlacher, Freeport, L.I. will again be leader of the afternoon and evening square dancing. *****

Joe Perkins calls the first of the Topsfield Hoedowns in Topsfield Mass. town hall, Sat. Oct. 21. Also at the Wakefield YMCA first Sat each month. Charlie Baldwin, Norwell, Mass. is the caller for the second dance of the Merrimack Valley Square Dance Association, Concord, N.H. Wed. Oct. 11. *****

The Hartford, Conn. YMCA Folk Dancers announce a program of weekly dances at the YMCA on Wednesday nights, beginning Sept. 20. *****

Ralph Page will hold a 16 week course for leaders at the YWCA, 140 Clarendon St. Boston. Joe Blundon leads a class in beginners square and contras at the same place. Both classes are on

Tuesday nights at 7:30 and 6:30 respectively & precede the weekly open party.*****

Belmont Country Dance Club open their 11th year at Payson Hall, Belmont, early in October.*****

The newly organized Worcester Quadrille Club plan a series of bi-weekly dances at the YWCA.

Ralph Page, caller.

When passing through Dover, N.H. call Mal Hayden 8 Furbush St. Rochester, N.H. for his schedule of square dances. Around Concord, N.H. call up Bob Bennett, 82 Hall St. for his schedule.*****

Square dances in Peterboro, N.H. town house alternate Saturdays starting Sept. 30.*****

Don Barker, Munsonville, N.H. calls square dances at G.A.R. Hall, Keene, N.H. every Friday night.***

Wes Elvidge, Grafton, Mass. calls square dances in Odd Fellows Hall, Leominster, Mass. every Thurs. **

Pop Smith, Minsted, Conn. calls at the YWCA Hartford, Conn. every Tues. starting Oct. 3.*****

The Folk Dance Guild of Bangor, Maine plan weekly parties Saturday nights at Dorothy Memorial Hall, 128 Park St. Bangor, Me. Dick Cole, leader.***

The Fall Festival, sponsored by the New Jersey Square Dance Callers and Teachers Association, will be held at the Portuguese Hall, 55 Prospect St. Newark, N.J. on Nov. 5th, from 3:00 to 10:00 P.M. Special features of this festival will be an exhibition of both American and International folk dances. *****

The Fifth Annual Monadnock Region Square Dance Festival will be held Sat. Oct. 7 in the Wilton, N.H. High School Auditorium. 8 P.M. *****

Write to the Irish Phonograph Record Sales Co. P.O. Box 206, Bronx, 51, N.Y. for their latest catalog of Irish records "Music from the Four Winds of Erin." *****

Write to the Dance Mart for their latest catalog of dance books. The address is Box 315, Times Sq Station, New York 18, N.Y. *****

And speaking of catalogs, Michael Herman has a catalog of folk and square dance records almost

ready to be mailed out. It will carry the most complete listing of such records ever printed to date. Don't know what the price will be, but whatever it is it will be worth it. Write to him at Box 201, Flushing, New York. *****

E.O'Byrne DeWitt's Sons, 51 Warren St. Roxbury 19 Mass. have just released a new catalog of their Irish and Scotch records. Ask for it. *****

Dave Hahn is making arrangements for the appearance at Carnegie Hall, Studio 61, NYC of Ralph Toferteller, Friday night Oct. 13. *****

Next dance of the Fitchburg, Mass. Quadrille Club will be in Odd Fellows Hall, Sat. Oct. 21. *****

Worcester YMCA plan bi-weekly square dances in Swift Hall, YMCA, starting Oct. 9. *****

Larry Gauthier, Jaffrey, N.H. calls alternate Friday nights at the YMCA, Worcester, Mass.

Live in New York City and want a cup of coffee in a different atmosphere than what you are used to? Then visit Edgar's Hobby house in the village at 116 MacDougal St.

Northern Junket will welcome from its readers any Christmas stories or legends from many lands about Christmas for its BIG special Christmas issue for 1950.



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